THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Enfranchisement and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. BUFFALO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1855. VOLUME I.—NO. 44.

Poetry.

Babie Bell.

The Poem of a little Life that was but Three Aprils Long.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Have you heard the Poet tell
How came the dainty babie Bell
Into this world of ours?
The Gates of Heaven were left ajar:
With folded hands and dreamy eyes
She wandered out of Paradise!
She saw this planet, like a star,
Hung in the depths of purple even—
Its bridges, running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged Seraphs go,
Bearing the holy dead to Heaven!
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,
So light they did not bend the bells
Of the celestial asphodels!
They fell like dew upon the flowers!
And all the air grew strangely sweet!
And thus came dainty babie Bell
Into this world of ours!

She came and brought delicious May!
The swallows built beneath the eaves;
Like sunbeams in and out the leaves,
The robins went, the live-long-day:
The lily swung its noiseless bell,
And o'er the porch the trembling vine
seemed bursting with its veins of wine!
O, earth was full of pleasant smell,
When came the dainty babie Bell
Into this world of ours!

O, babie, dainty babie Bell!
How fair she grew from day to day!
What woman-nature filled her eyes.
What poetry within them lay!
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,
So full of meaning, pure and bright
As if she yet stood in the light
O those oped gates of Paradise!
And we loved babie more and more:
O never in our hearts before
Such holy love was born;
We felt we had a link between
This real world and that unseen—
The land of deathless morn!

And for the love of those dear eyes;
For love of her whom God led forth—
The mother's being ceased on earth
When babie came from Paradise!—
For love of him who smote our lives,
And woke the chords of joy and pain,
We said, Sweet Christ! our hearts bent down
Like violets after rain!

And now the orchards which were once
All white and rosy in their bloom—
Filling the crystal heart of air
With gentle pulses of perfume,—
Were thick with yellow jiucy fruit;
The plums were globes of honey rare,
And soft cheeked peaches blushed and fell;
The grapes were purpling in the grange
And Time wrought just as rich a change
In little babie Bell!
Her petite form more perfect grew,
And in her features we could trace,
In softened curves, her mother's face:
Her angel nature ripened too.
We thought her lovely when she came.
But she was holy, saintly now—
Around her pale and lofty brow
We thought we saw a ring of flame!

Sometimes she said a few strange words
Whose meanings lay beyond our reach:
God's hand had taken away the seal
Which held the portals of her speach!
She never was a child to us:
We never held her being's key!
We could not teach her holy things:
She was Christ's self in purity!

It came upon us by degrees;
We saw its shadow ere it fell,
The knowledge that our God had sent
His messenger for babie Bell!
We shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all our thoughts ran into tears!
And all our hopes were changed to fears
The sunshine into dismal rain!
Aloud we cried in our belief:—
O, smite us gently, gently, God!
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod.
And perfect grow thro' grief!
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell:
Her little heart was cased in ours—
They're broken caskets—babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,
The messenger, from unseen lands:
And what did dainty babie Bell?
She only crossed her little hands!
She only looked more meek and fair!
We parted bak her silken hair;
We laid some buds upon her brow—
Death's bride arrayed in flowers!
And thus went dainty babie Bell
Out of this world of ours!

The Three M. Ds.

Erie County may justly boast of two human triplets of extraordinary notoriety. The first was "The three Thayers." These were made eminently conspicuous by being elevated some feet above the common level of mankind, by the Sheriff of the County. The second triplet—the three M. Ds—immortalized themselves by their successful experimnnts in the newly discovered science of kneeology. Fearing that their well earned fame may become dimmed by the dust of forgetfulness, among the many wonders which science is daily bringing to light, we have thought proper to reprint a portion of their learned exposition of the manner in which the knees of two ladies held intercourse with the world of spirits, and the manner in which they—the M. D's. handled those knees, to stop the current of celestial intelligence. We quote from their published pamphlet, which may still be had at Hawks' depot.

All our readers have heard of the Rochester Knockings that have occasioned not a little stir in different parts of the country during the past two or three years. The knockings were first manifested in a family of the name of Fox, then residing in a small town in the western part of this State, and the removal of this family, shortly afterward, to Rochester, whence have emanated many of the marvelous stories connected with the subject, has secured for that city the honor of forming the adjective in the title by which they are commonly mentioned. The knockings, however, have not been confined to Rochester, but have been heard in some other places. They accompany members of the Fox family in their peregrinations, of course, but we understand that other persons than those belonging to this family have assumed to be media for similar supernatural manifestations.

Being regarded by the credulous and superstitious as phenomena produced by the agency of departed spirits, indicating their presence, and furnishing a means of communication with them, it is not singular that, however ridiculous the subject may seem to persons of well balanced minds, to those of a different mental cast it assumes a different aspect, and becomes invested with great interest and importance. In every community persons are to be found who are fond of indulging and cultivating a love for the marvelous, and who are ready to believe that a supernatural agency is involved in whatever transcends their comprehension. Such tendencies are by no means found in connection exclusively with low intellectual powers and small attainments. On the contrary, it is not infrequently the case that persons of education, of reflection, and even of superior mental endowments in some respects, are led astray by what appeals strongly to the mental qualities underlying an unfortunate excess of credulity. The chicaneries of mesmerism, the faith inspired by revelations like those of Davis, etc., sufficiently attest the truth of the remark just made. We might also quote, as illustrations, the transient success of homœopathy, and other kindred medical delusions. The annals of every age furnish abundance of examples, showing the absurd extravagances into which men may be led who allow unrestrained scope to the imaginative and superstitious elements of the mental constitution; showing, also, the astonishing extent to which cunning impostors are able to take advantage of these elements of human character. Based, as are the various delusions, impositions, and humbugs, that prove successful, upon qualities of mind which it is not to be expected will soon cease to be predominant in certain individuals, albeit science and knowledge are progressively advancing, and despite the accumulated lessons of experience, we are not to suppose that the future, more than the past and present, will be devoid of instances exemplifying human weakness and folly like that to which reference has been made. But to return to the Rochester Knockings. We have not taken pains to ascertain how extensively belief in their supernatnral character has prevailed. Many of our readers are probably better informed on this point than ourselves, as our pursuits do not permit us to keep up with the times in matters of this kind. That many well meaning persons have been beguiled and carried away with this subject, we know, and that not a little time, money, thought, and feeling, have been expended in the efforts to hold communion, by rappings, with inhabitants of the spirit world, is a fact but too apparent to any one who looks into newspapers. The imposition, unfortunately, is not to be considered merely a successful but harmless experiment on the exhaustless fund of human credulity. Among other serious consequences, we have been told that several cases of insanity have originated in the mental excitement occasioned by fancied intercourse with the spirits of departed friends.

The imposition, which had already escaped detection for several years, would still find plenty of dupes, if the mysterious sounds were to continue unaccounted for. The absurdity of the professed spirituality of the knockings can undoubtedly be fully proved in a variety of modes, but the only effectual preventive of the farther progress of the humbug is to determine satisfactorily their nature and source. To do this is to strike at the root of the delusion, by rendering it as ridiculous as the explanation is simple. We are not aware that the curious and (in other than a literal sense) striking phenomena have been, as yet, accounted for. To what extent they have been made the subject of investigation, by physicians, we cannot say. As we are prepared to unravel the mystery, we trust our readers will not think the subject unworthy the space which we propose to devote to it, more especially as the sounds possess interest in a physiological point of view, apart from the remarkable imposition to which they have been made subservient.

Two members of the celabrated family of Rochester knockers, recently made their debut in this city, accompanied by the noisy spirits, and commenced operations, drawing crowds of visitors, at a dollar a head, many of whom were impressed with the wonderful revelations interpreted from the raps, and several intelligent persons became converts to the doctrine of the spiritual origin of the sounds. From motives of curiosity we were led, with some of our colleagues, to pay them a visit, and, we must confess, we were surprised and puzzled by the loudness of the sounds, the apparent evidences of non-instrumentality on the part of the females, and the different directions from which they seemed to emanate. Close observation, however, of the countenances and deportment of the two females, led to the conviction that the production of the sounds involved a voluntary effort by the younger sister of the two—a girl about seventeen years of age—the elder sister (who is said to be a widow,) being about thirty-five. The latter was apparently the managing partner, conducting the spiritual communications, while the former, it was clear, was the performer, i. e., the one that produced the knockings. Assuming the above as a point of departure, by the process of reasoning given below, the diagnosis was, that the sounds must necessarily be articular. This conclusion, and the process by which it was arrived at, were stated to a number of persons directly after the visit. The question, then, was, how such sounds could come from joints. The snapping of the phalangal joints of one hand by lateral motions made with the other hand, is familiar to every one. Some persons have the power to pruduce the same snapping by means of the muscles inserted into the phalangal bones, without any aid from the other hand. Dislocated bones return to their place with an audible snap, as all surgeons know. A patient once consulted us for a loud noise in his joint produced by walking. Almost every one has occasionally, by an accidental oblique movement of the lower extremities, caused a loud report in the knee joint. These facts suggested themselves, but works on physiology, anatomy, and dislocations, were consulted, in vain, for any account of loud noises like the Rochester knockings originating in the articulations. While pursuing these inquiries, which had been unexpectedly provoked, we chanced to meet with a person who said that his wife could ploduce similar sounds. He did not then know in what way they were produced; his wife had, in jest, kept him in ignorance on this point. At our request he immediately went home to ascertain, and returned with the information that the noise came from the knee joint, and that we were at liberty to satisfy ourselves with respect to this fact, and also of the mode in which they were produced. Accordingly, at first alone, and afterward accompanied by Drs. Lee and Coventry, (in concert with whom the prior investigations were conducted,) we visited the lady referred to, and on the following day the subjoined exposition was communicated for one of the daily papers of the city.

To the Editors of the Commercial Advertiser:

Curiosity having led us to visit the room at the Phelps House in which two females from Rochester, (Mrs. Fish and Miss Fox,) profess to exhibit striking manifestations of the spiritual world, by means of which communications may be held with deceased friends, &c., and having arrived at a physiological explanation of the phenomena, the correctness of which has been demonstrated in an instance that has since fallen under observation, we have felt that a public statement is called for, which may perhaps serve to prevent further waste of time, money, and credulity, (to say nothing of sentiment and philosophy,) in connection with this so long successful imposition.

The explanation is reached, almost by alogical necessity, on the application of a method of reasoning much resorted to in the diagnosis of diseases, viz: reasoning by way of exclusion. It was reached by this method prior to the demonstration which has subsequently occured.

It is to be assumed, first, that the manifestations are not to be regarded as spiritual, provided they can be physically, or physiologically accounted for. Immaterial agencies are not to be invoked until material agencies fail. We are thus to exclude spiritual causation in this stage of the investigation.

Next, it is taken for granted that the rappings are not produced by artificial contrivances about the persons of the females, which may be concealed by the dress. This hypothesis is excluded, because it is understood that the females have been repeatedly and carefully examined by lady committees.

It is obvious that the rappings are not caused by machinery attached to the tables, doors, etc., for they are heard in different rooms, and differant parts of the same room, in which the females are present, but always near the spot where the females are stationed. This mechanical hypothesis is then to be excluded.

So much for negative evidence, and now for what positively relates to the subject.

On carefully observing the countenances of the two females, it was evident that the sounds were due to the agency of the younger sister, and that they involved an effort of the will. She evidently attempted to conceal any indications of voluntary effort, but in this she did not succeed:—a voluntary effort was manifest, and it was plain that it could not be continued very long without fatigue.

Assuming, then, this positive fact, the inquiry arises, how can the will be exerted to produce sounds (rappings) without obvious movements of the body? The valuntary muscles are the only organs (save those which belong to the mind itself) over which volition can exert any direct control. But the contraction of the muscles do not, in the muscles themselves, occasion obvious sounds. The muscles, therefore, to develop audible vibrations, must act upon parts with which they are connected. Now, it was sufficiently clear that the rappings were not vocal sounds: these could not be produced without movements of the respiratory muscles, which would at once lead to detection. Hence, excluding vocal sounds, the only possible source of the noises in question, produced, as we have seen they must be, by voluntary muscular contractions, as in one or more of the movable articulations of the skeleton. From the anatomical connections of the voluntary muscles, this explanation remains as the only alternative.

By an analysis prosecuted in this manner, we arrive at the conviction that the rappings, assuming that they are not spiritual, are produced, by the action of the will, through voluntary muscles, upon the joints.

Various facts may be cited to show that the motion of the joints, under certain circumstances, is adequate to produce the phenomena of the rappings; but we need not now refer to these. By a curious coincidence, after arriving at the above conclusion respecting the source of the sounds, an instance has fallen under our observation, which demonstrates the fact, that noises precisely identical with the spiritual rappings may be produced in the knee joint.

A highly respectable lady of this city, possesses the ability to develope sounds similar, both in character and degree, to those professedly elicited by the Rochester imposters, from the spiritual world. We have witnessed the production of the sounds by the lady referred to, and have been permitted to examine the mechanism by which they are produced. Without entering, at this time, into a minute anatomical and physiological explanation, it is sufficient to state that, owing to relaxation of the ligaments of the knee joint, by means of muscular action and pressure of the lower extremity against a point of resistance, the large bone of the leg (the tibia) is moved laterally upon the lower surface of the thigh bone (the femur) giving rise, in fact, to partial lateral dislocation. This is effected by an act of the will, without any obvious movement of the limb, occasioning a loud noise, and the return of the bone to its place is attended by a second sound. Most of the Rochester rappings are also double. It is practicable, however, to produce a single sound, by moving the bone out of the place with the requisite quickness and force and allowing it to slide slowly back, in which case it is noiseless.

The visible vibrations of articles in the room situated near the operator, occur, if the limb, or any portion of the body, is in contact with them at the time the sounds are produced. The force of the semi-dislocation of the bone is sufficient to occasion distinct jarring of doors, tables, etc., if in contact. The intensity of the sound may be varied in proportion to the force of the muscular contractions, and this will render the apparent source of the rappings more or less distinct.

We have witnessed repetitions of experiments in the case just referred to, sufficient to exhibit to us all the phenomena of sounds belonging to the Rochester rappings, and without further explanations at this time, we append our names in testimony of the facts contained in the foregoing hastily penned exposition.

University of Buffalo. } Austin Flint, M. D., Charles A. Lee, M. D., C. B. Coventry, M. D.

Feb. 17, 1851.

The disclosure announced in the foregoing communication occationed not a little excitement among those who had become interested in the knockings. The correctness of the explanation was not only called in question by these, but was doubted by many who had not hesitated to look upon the matter as a gross deception. The Rochester Ladies, of course stoutly denied the imputation that the sounds, proceeded from the joints, or were produced by any agency of theirs, and the next day, they inserted in the daily papers the following card:

ROCHESTER KNOCKINGS.

To Drs. Flint, Coventry and Lee:

Gents,—We observe by a communication in the *Commercial Advertiser*, that you have recently made an examination of a highly respectable lady of this city, by which you have discovered the secret of the "Rochester Imposters." As we do not feel willing to rest under the imputation of being imposters, we are very willing to undergo a proper and decent examination, provided we can select three male and three female friends who shall be present on the occasion.

We can assure the public that there is no one more anxious than ourselves to discover the origin of these mysterious manifestations. If they can be explained on "anatomical" and "physiological" principles, it is due to the world that the investigation be made, and that the "humbug" be exposed. As there seems to be much nterest manifested by the public on this subject, we would suggest that as early an investigation as is convenient would be acceptable to the undersigned.

Ann L. Fish,
Margaretta Fox.

The invitation thus proffered was accepted by those to whom it was addressed, and on the following evening, by appointment, the examination took place. After a short delay, the two Rochester females being seated on a sofa, the knockings commenced, and were continued for some time in loud tones and rapid succession. The, "spirits" were then asked whether they would manifest themselves during the sitting and respond to interrogatories. A series of raps followed, which were interpreted into a reply in the affirmative. The two females were seated upon two chairs placed near together, their heels resting on cushions, their lower limbs extended, with the toes elevated and the feet separated from each other. The object in this experiment was to secure a position in which the ligaments of the knee joint should be made tense, and no opportunity offered to make pressure with the foot. We were pretty well satisfied that the displacement of the bones requisite for the sounds could not be effected unless a fulcrum were obtained by resting one foot upon the other, or on some resisting body.

The company, seated in a semi-circle, quietly waited for the "manifestations" for more than half an hour, but the 'spirits," generally so noisy, were now dumb. The position of the younger sister was then changed to a sitting posture, with the lower limbs extended on the sofa, the elder sister sitting, in the customary way, at the other extremity of the sofa. The spirits did not choose to signify their presence under these circumstances, although repeatedly requested so to do. The latter experiment went to confirm the belief that the younger sister alone produces the rappings. These experiments were continued until the females themselves admitted that it was useless to continue them longer at that time, with any expectation of manifestations being made.

In reshming the usual position on the sofa, the feet resting on the floor, knockings very soon began to be heard. It was then suggested that some other experiment be made. This was assented to, notwithstanding the first was in our minds, amply conclusive. The experiment selected was, that the knees of the two females should be firmly grasped, with the hands so applied that any lateral movement of the bones would be perceptible to the touch. The pressure was made through the dress. It was not expected to prevent the sounds, but to ascertain if they proceeded from the knee joint. It is obvious that this experiment was necessarily far less demonstrative, to an observer, than the first, because if the bones were distinctly felt to move, the only evidence of this fact would be the testimony of those whose hands were in contact with them. The hands were kept in apposition for several minutes at a time, and the experiment repeated frequently, for the course of an hour, or more, with negative results: that is to say, there were plenty of raps when the knees were not held, and none when the hands were applied save once, as the pressure was intentionally somewhat relaxed, (Dr. Lee being the holder,) two or three faint, single raps were heard, and Dr. Lee immediately averred that the motion of the bone was plainly perceptible to him. The experiment of seizing the knees as quickly as possible when the knockings first commenced, was tried several times, but always with the effect of putting an immediate *quietus* upon the *manifestations*.

The proposition to bandage the knees was then discussed. This experiment was objected to, on the part of the friends of the females, unless we would concede that it should be an exclusive test experiment. We were not prepared with appliances to render the limb immoveable, and therefore declined to have it considered such a test. This was the experiment anticipated, and one which, we presume, the females thought would end in their triumph, A bandage applied above and below the patella, admitting of flexion of the limb, will probably not prevent the displacement, as we have but little doubt had been ascertained by the Rochester females before an examination was invited. Should it become necessary to repeat experiments in other places, in furtherance of the explosion of the imposition, we would suggest that the bandage be not relied upon. Plenty of roller, with lateral splints firmly applied, so as to keep the limbs extended, and render the joints immoveable, would doubtless succeed in arresting sounds so far as they involve the knee joint. It will be observed that, in our exposition, we do not claim that this joint is exclusively the source of sounds, and had our experiments, which we first directed to this joint, failed, we should have proceeded to interrogate, experimentally, other articulations. This, however, as the reader will note, seemed quite unnecessary. The conclusion seemed clear that the Rochester knockings emanate from the knee joint.

Unseen Angels.

Twilight was deepening into night, still, beautiful, holy night. The warm, rosy lights that had played about the West, flickered and faded, and went out. The shadows that skirted the old forest, lengthened and blended together, and crept out further and further' till they lay still and hushed over every thing; and the night wind stole out, shutting the rose and swinging it to sleep in its green cradle, making the shadows dance and quiver, and the young leaves whisper dreamily, as if the Fays held carnival among them. One by one the sentinel stars came forth, and from the far-off walls of sapphire, kept their watch over the dwellers of earth. Into every bosom their radiant eyes looked down, and the secrets of all hearts were open to them.—Childhood, with its rosy visions flitting by like rainbow tints, the deeper heart of youth, with its passionate dreamings, all glory clad; manhood with the memories of blossoms crushed and idols broken, dashing back the Past that walks like a phantom in the footsteps and wildly calling on the Future; and old age, with palsied heart and hushed pulse, kneeling calmly at the graves of his youth and manhood, waiting the beckoning of the white-browed angel that mortals call Death.

In a quiet chamber, where the curtains waved gently to and fro in the wind as it shook out the odors from the night-blooming flowers, and bore them into the room, a young girl lay dying,—passing slwoly through that strange transition by which this germ of immortality within, bursts from its cerement of clay, and expands into the beauty of an amaranthine flower. It was but the "common lot" that was upon her. We have all marked it often, and know how the sleep steals over the body, shutting the eyes that will never again look through tears, stiffening the gentle lip that will never again quiver to some storm that shakes the heart's-rings, setting a seal of peace on the brow where the hand of sorrow will never more be laid. We have marked, too, how sometimes just when the soul is passing, it seems to look back from the spirit land, and utter some thrilling word, that will dwell forever in the hearts that catch the sound.

I have said our sister was dying. We deemed her already dead, yet feared to turn our eyes from the young sleeper, lest the angels should bear her from our sight. She looked so like a glorified seraph, seemed so free from the blight of earth, she surely needed but white pinions to make her as the sinless ones. But suddenly, as we gazed, what a change came over her! Slowly the white lids lifted, her face glowed with such a heavenly radiance as if the freed spirit, all bathed in the glory of the upper temple, had come back to its tenement again. How eagerly we listened—will she not speak to us? and with hushed hearts we watched for but a sign or token. "I shall be with you when the stars brighten." This was all she said, and her lips were silent forever.

Years have passed since that sister faded from our sight, and the moonlight that first slept upon her grave, now falls upon others that have gathered around it. Under the green turf by her side we have thrice "buried our dead out of our sight." Two with bright sunny hair, and untamed laughter in their eyes, and one with white locks like a crown of glory about his brow. We have so often looked into eyes that death was darkening, that we have ceased to say farewell, and only whisper as we were wont to do around the hearthstone, "good night." And ever as the night comes over the hills, we remember the words of our early called,—I shall be with you when the stars brighten. Who shall say she is not with us? When the beautiful are passing from our homes and hearts, leaving us only mocking memories of the loved and lost, who shall say that, as unseen angels, they never hover around us? for many a weary form had long since found the deep shelter of the grave had no white wings fanned it when it fainted with life's fever. Many an eye had closed in despair, had it not sometimes seen, through its night of deep desolation, how loving eyes looked down upon it. Many a slender foot had stumbled o'er its rough pathway, but for invisible hands that guided it gently over the dark places.

"We see dimly through the mists and vapors
Amid these earthly damps."

But if we might for a moment lift the veil from our eyes, we should find that heirs of mortality are not the only dwellers here. Oh, Heaven is not far off, but very, very near, and the angels are all about us.

Do not seek trouble.—Most persons will find difficulties and hardshships enough without seeking them. Let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at the highest good.—*Selected.*

☞ Self conquest in the greatest of all conquests.

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, AUGUST 4, 1855.

POLITICAL.

Still Worse.

A political paper, in this city, in descanting on the atrociousness of the act by which the North and human freedom were robbed of the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, in violation of a sacred compact entered into by the representatives of all the States of the Union, seems to be arrested by "a sudden thought," turns on its heel, and says, with extenuating voice:

"And yet we ought to bear in mind that the proposition came from the North—was adopted as a cardinal measure by an administration with a northern man at its head, the executive council consisting of five northern to three southern men, and was finally passed by the aid of northern votes."

This makes the guilt of the aggressive party still blacker. It adds seduction and bribery to the treachery and injustice of the southern party to the compact; and, withal, proves them to be dastards as well as robbers. They had not courage to take the responsibility of introducing the infamous measure themselves, and they bid for northern traitors to do it for them. Besides the villany and cowardice which thus stand out upon the act, hypocrisy shows its double face and deceitful countenance. They would make it appear that the proposition to rob the north, came from the north, and that they, instead of being the originators of the plot, were merely the recipients of a proffered boon. What would they have to say for themselves, were they standing at a confessional, where equivocation and lies could not deceive?

Before such a confessional, they would have to utter such truths as the following: We knew that we were bound by the most sacred obligation that men can take upon themselves, to abide by, and forever keep inviolate, the Missouri Compromise, by which we gained, for slavery, a sovereign member of the Union, covering sixty-three thousand square miles of rich territory, with a population increasing with great rapidity, and with every other facility to become one of the most prosperous and powerful States of the Union; and this we received as an equivalent for our interest in a tract of wilderness and desert country, where there was no prospect that foot of civilized man would ever tread. This great advantage we obtained over the north by continually threatening to secede from the Union, and by every other species of chicanery that could be resorted to. We of the slave States, in this degenerate age, care nothing for the general prosperity of the nation. There are two subjects of thought and objects of attainment, which engross the entire acting southern mind. These are the spread of negro slavery and the control of the general government. In all the States of whose governmental structures our favorite institution is a prominent feature, education and general intelligence are restricted to so few, that there is little difficulty in bringing the whole to bear upon any single object of a sectional character. And so illiterate, uncultivated and ignorant are the masses, that the mere handful of active minds in each State find it less difficult to govern them than their human chattels. Hence our success in the concentration of southern influence; and hence the facility with which we can avail ourselves of northern cupidity and corruptibility, in carrying into effect our determined purposes.

We were highly gratified with our success in getting Missouri admitted into the Union as a slave State, by consenting that a far-off tract of wilderness country should be consecrated to freedom; and this success encouraged us to resort to the same means whenever we deemed it expedient to demand an unreasonable concession by the free States. It was this success which emboldened us to demand, from Congress and the Executive, a violation of the treaty, of friendship and commerce between our government and that of Mexico, in the annexation of Texas. We coveted Texas as a slave State, to strengthen the hands of the southern section, in Congress, and we cared not for the lives and treasure which would be sacrificed in a war with Mexico, which we knew must result from such annexation. We knew that the bulk of the expense, and a large majority of the human sacrifices, would fall upon the free States; and we knew that all the advantages of the annexation would inure to us and to the cause of slavery propagandism. We succeeded in procuring the desired breach of treaty, by our government, and in bringing on a war between the two countries, as we calculated. The war was a long and bloody one; and those of our countrymen, (especially those who had northern constitutions) who were not slain by the Mexicans and their climate, were poisoned by the latter, so that the most of them have since died, and the balance must soon follow.

By thus wielding the power of the general government for our own sectional advantage, we secured another great State to slavery; and we so managed matters, that, in the conclusion of peace, we procured the amputation of Mexico's two great northern limbs, and their annexation as United States territory. And we calculated on our adroitness in the management of northern politicians, to enable us to bring them into the Union as slave States; but, in this, thus far, we have been foiled. To this suspended, but not abandoned, object, we shall return with all our operating forces, as soon as we shall have finished some other work which has been well commenced and skilfully managed as far as we have progressed.

We found that the territory which we had thought would be forever unavailable and worthless, and which, for that reason, we surrendered to the free States and to human freedom forever, was likely to become the abode of civilized man, and to be thronged, at some day not far in the future, with a population more numerous than that of all the present States of the Union. We perceived that, if northern industry, enterprise, science and capital were allowed to go there without any check, as they would under the then existing circumstances, those territories—Kansas and Nebraska—would soon attract the current of emigration to them; that, under the operation of the free labor system, they would become the most prolific agricultural regions of the whole western world; that general education and the arts and sciences, would immediately take root and flourish there; that State after State would there grow, mature and fall into the great circle of the Union; and that the South would be politically overwhelmed, and our beloved institution soon become an obsolete idea.

With these certain results in view, the question with us was: What is to be done? There was but one alternative. We must keep human freedom and its concomitants—general education and the cultivation of the arts and sciences—out of those territories, by introducing human slavery into them, which would so poison them as to render them unfit for the abode of enlightened minds, genius and enterprise, as has been its effect in all the States of the Union where it exists. But we had effectually shut ourselves out from them, with our institution, by that Missouri Compromise which we considered so great an achievment over the money-loving, office-seeking and principle-bartering north. Let us repeal the compromise, suggested our wise man. How should we repeal it? The free States had, and always must have, a large majority in the popular branch of the national legislature; and without deep and daring intrigue, we cannot get it repealed. Well, then, let us resort to the intrigue. Northern politicians and representatives are ever ready for traffic. They will sell any right or principle for some price. At least, there are always enough of them who are purchasable to change the majority in Congress, and favor any project which we have in view.

What is the first necessary move? Obviously, the first movement should be to secure the election of a President who will favor our darling object. He must be a northern man, and the proposition to repeal the compromise must be made by a northern man. Virginia we know to be an old politician as well as a most fecund propagator. We will set her to hunting out a candidate for the Presidency. She will pretend to be looking for one of the right political stripe, but will be carefully sounding them on the greatly more important subject of slavery propagandism. We did start her out, and she soon got upon the scent of one whom she could mould into any shape she pleased. She found him in New Hampshire, where it was said a potent evil habit had driven him into retirement. She opened her budget to him, took him home with her, inducted him into all the mysteries of southern chicanery, and got him charged to the muzzle with langrage to fire into the ranks of his own home friends. We went to work with all the engines of political corruption, and all the influence we could command in the free States, and got him elected. Thus we had the necessary piece of human corruption in the Presidential chair.

The next thing to be done was to find some representative of a free State to make the desired proposition. The man necessary for the occasion, must be one of much flippancy of language; one with a large stock of impudence; one who would not blush at the utterance of the most shallow sophistry, the most glaring absurdity, or the most palpable falsehood; and one who could be depended on as utterly destitute of principle. Such a man we soon found, who stood ready to disgrace the State of Illinois, and the nation, by pandering to the slave powers and betraying the holy cause of human freedom. He bit at our bate, we hooked him, and he answered our purpose.* The next movement was to count heads and see whom we could depend on as certain for our project. Then it became necessary to use our President and all the official influence which could be brought to bear upon northern representatives and senators; and no possible means of corruption by which a vote for the repeal could be procured, was omitted by him whom we had so fortunately procured for that purpose.

After a most severe and protracted battle in both houses of Congress, we at length succeeded in repealing the Missouri Compromise, and throwing those territories open to the influx of slavery. It was certainly a master piece of piratical enterprise; but we accomplished it. But, instead of storming, for a brief season, and then relapsing into their money-making operations, as we calculated they would, the indignant ones of the free States immediately set about peopling the territories with their own citizens, who would be sure to exclude slavery by the organization of their territorial governments. This was a mode of attack which we had not provided against, and we found it necessary to resort to desperate measures to prevent their successfully carrying out their purpose. In this exigency, we employed hundreds and thousands of desperadoes of western Missouri and other southern localities, to go into Kansas and drive the legal voters away from the polls, and to elect with their own illegal votes, such names as we gave them, as members of the territoral legislature. This they gallantly accomplished, and our cause was thereby made safe.

Governor Reeder proved refractory, and refused to sanction the proceedings had at the polls; and he even so far miscalculated as to repair to Washington to invoke the aid of the National Executive to protect the citizens of Kansas against the mobs which we sent from Missouri. But the President was our man. Instead of listening to the appeal of Governor Reeder, he immediately set about finding some pretext for removing him from office, and actually made a charge against him of having speculated in Indian lands, as every government officer had done, and as every succeeding one will do, if they can make any money by it. So, instead of going away with United States forces to protect the people of the territories, the Governor went away with an executive flea in his ear, and with a charge to explain all to the satisfaction of Mr. President Pierce, or to look for removal and a successor who would better understand the duties required of him.

This is a confession which every southerner who would have his sins forgiven, must make before God and his country; because it is a true history of facts.

P. S. Monday, 3 P. M. We had just finished writing the above, and put it into the hands of the compositor, when the telegraph brought the anticipated, but most unwelcome announcement, that President Pierce has capped the climax of his corrupt and treacherous course, by removing Governor Reeder for his inflexible honesty, and filling his place with John L. Dawson, of Pennsylvania, who was one of the northern immortals that clung to the skirts of Douglas, in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Thus Mr. Pierce has sanctioned all the outrages committed by Achinson and his desperadoes in Kansas.—Never before has this nation been so deeply disgraced. We hope the justly excited indignation of the people can be restrained, and that the traitor may be allowed to fill out the measure of his days, as he has that of his infamy. But it must be admitted that outraged justice and the insulted dignity of the American name, call for retribution with fearful emphasis.

The Address by Henry K. Smith.

Had we been aware, before the first side of our paper went to press, that we were to have this lecture, we should have made our edition large enough to send extra copies to all the clergy in this region of country. We should have done so with perfect confidence that it would give offence to no one of them, because there is not an offensive expression in the whole of it; and it is so well, so ably reasoned, that it could not fail to make rational minds reflect, however they might affect to disbelieve that it came from the spirit of one who so well knew the falsehoods and follies of the life he left, and the truths and wisdom of that into which he has entered. We shall take the liberty to send the paper to a few of the class to whom Mr. Smith has addressed his respectful communication; and we here take the liberty to solicit their candid and thoughtful perusal of it. If they deem it necessary to the position which they occupy to deny that it came from the spirit of Henry K. Smith, let them deny it; but if they knew him as we did, and as many others did who will read the lecture, we think they must arrive at the conclusion that the counterfeit is a very close one.

Like the most that came from the powerful intellect of the reputed author, when he was a sojourner here, it is made up of logical argument, rather than flowery eloquence. Now, as then, he has a definite point in view, in every paragraph, and fails not to reach it at the close, leaving nothing dark or incomprehensible in the track through which he passed. We are glad that we have been favored with this communication. The author was so well known to every prominent citizen of Buffalo, that many who refuse their assent to the truth of spiritual communications will be compelled to acknowledge—if not to others, to their own interior querists—that they believe the reputed author to be the veritable one. We shall, probably, not be favored with the sentiments of any of the Rev. gentlemen to whom it is addressed; but they cannot keep their convictions from the knowledge of God and the angels, if they can from ours.

An Ordinance.

Happening to find the following ordinance in a back number of the city paper, and it happening to be the season of the year when obedience to its requirement is most essential to the health of the city, we republish it for the benefit of whom it may concern. We know of many who are now liable to the heavy penalty imposed by this ordinance.

SEWERS AND STENCH TRAPS,

The attention of the public is called to the following City Ordinance:

IN COMMON COUNCIL, }
Buffalo, April 27th, 1855. }

Resolved, that the Common Council of the City of Buffalo, do ordain and enact the following Ordinance, to be known as Section 13, of Chapter 2, of the Ordinances of the City of Buffalo, viz:

§ 13. No person shall make or construct, or aid or assist in the construction of any receiving sewer in any street or alley or elsewhere in the city of Buffalo, or any drains from any building connecting with any of the main or street sewers of said city, except such receiving sewer or drain is properly secured by a stench trap in such manner as to prevent any effluvia or stench from passing through such receiving sewer or drain, under the penalty of fifty dollars for each and every offence.

Approved, April 25, 1855.

Eli Cook, Mayor.

Debating.—Plato once said "herein is a thing wherein I would willingly have you agree, that is, to dispute and not quarrel; for friends dispute between themselves, for their better instruction, and sometimes quarrel to destroy one another."

Lecture by the Spirit of Henry K. Smith, late of this city.

THROUGH REV. C. HAMMOND, MEDIUM.

TO THE CLERGY.

Having seen the policy which governs the clergy in regard to the spiritual manifestations which are now being made in the world, I would most respectfully invite their attention to a few considerations which must inevitably follow the course they are pursuing.

1. The affected contempt which they manifest and the general feeling of scorn which prevails among them, are symptoms of a disease that must prove fatal to the popular reputation of any class of men who require the confidence of a religious community. Were it possible to conceal the fact that spirits do actually revisit the earth and commune with its inhabitants, still the alarming condition of public morals, and the indifferent attitude of the church, or its incapacity to reach the causes of human mischief, ought to prompt all philanthropists, and surely all Christians, to seek for other remedies than those which have been unsuccessfully employed for more than a thousand years to evangelize the world, and bring peace and happiness home to the hearthstones of famishing humanity.

2. The fact that marvelous and strange phenomena are and have been witnessed by thousands, cannot be succesfully denied, nor longer prudently concealed. Neither is it possible for silence or opposition to arrest the onward march of investigation and inquiry into the merits of these remarkable demonstrations of intelligence, which stand confirmed by many of the best and purest minds in the land. Affecting, as these facts must, the whole mass of the people, either more or less, and sustaining or repelling the professions of faith and doctrines of the church, it cannot be expected by true hearts, that any man can, as a clergyman, tamely submit to such invasions, or falsely place himself upon his assumed dignity, and yet be a faithful steward of the kingdom of truth.

3. If the alleged manifestations are a delusion, the delusion should be understood and the fraud exposed. If it be not a delusion, a grave subject is presented which no man has a right to despise. In either case, he who refuses instruction or neglects investigation, proves himself disqualified to render satisfactory information to those whom he is bound by covenant engagements to teach and save. There is no apology which will have weight in a matter of such consequence, before the bar of God, or the decision of impartial justice and truth. The facts are attested, are known, are sought for, and principles are inculcated which essentially affect the social and moral relations of men. Shall these principles and relations continue to be disseminated, continue to be sown broad-cast over the earth, and you, the professed overseer of human wellfare, take no steps to investigate or understand these causes, which act with such power over the world? Will you be true or false to the vows you have made "to fight the good fight"—or will you stand still, like the Egyptians, and let the sea of water swallow you up in its resistless tide?

4. If clergymen perceive that evil communications corrupt good citizens, and if they apprehend that the doctrines and philosophy which come down from the spirit world, through mediums, are fraught with good or ill, it is their duty to God and man that they should put forth such efforts as will promote the one and avoid the other. Nor is he to be regarded as a faithful soldier who refuses to go beyond the gates of his fortress, when duty calls, and meet the good or ill which is to be found in the path of human life.

5. Clergymen should be true to themselves and their brethren. If the spirit manifestations are what many of them declare, a cheat and an imposition, it should be their duty to prove it; if they be what they profess, and if spirits do actually come, as in other ages is admitted, who will justify the negligence and scorn which this class have manifested toward them? They affect to believe the records of angel visits in the past ages, but deny the authenticated statements of thousands who live among them, and whose veracity they would not dispute in any matter connected with the interests of the church, or involving the pecuniary wellfare of their societies.

6. What can you, as clergyman, say, when your parishoners who have investigated the subject, tell you they have become convinced that spirits are holding intercourse with men? Will you tell them to desist? Will you deny the protestant faith which acknowledges the right of private judgment, and proceed to condemn, not only the investigator for the exercise of such right, but the subject of which you confess ignorance? Is your plea of ignorance a justification for condemnation of things beyond the pale of your research? Have you a moral or religious right to deny the alleged facts which others have discovered? Is it consistent with your faith and conscience to repudiate the statements of those whose veracity you allow on all other matters? If you do not know they are mistaken, why should so many of you pronounce it a delusion? If you have not the evidence of sober investigation, why do you reject the testimony of unimpeached witnesses? If you do not reject their testimony, why do you not acknowledge it, and act in good faith toward the cause of spiritualism? These inquiries will touch the souls of men, and you will be called upon to decide for yourselves, as to the course you will adopt.

7. We ask you to form no opinion for or against the subject of spiritualism; but we solicit an honest investigation of all truth, whether in ancient or modern records. We appeal to you as men who have duties to discharge, to see that they are faithfully performed. And we suggest that you maintain the private rights of all men to investigate and understand for themselves the revealments of heaven. We know you acknowledge this right in theory, and yet we see it repudiated in practice. Many of you have labored with members of your churches, and endeavored to satisfy them that spirits do not come down to earth to communicate with them. You have proceeded to affirm what you do not have evidence to prove, against the facts which your brethren have witnessed. You have virtually told them that it was more dangerous to admit and acknowledge what they have seen with their own eyes and heard with their own ears, than to trust in your opinion of what you have never witnessed nor investigated. You have set forth to them that your opinions are better, safer, more reliable and less dangerous to the soul's welfare than their facts, attested by their senses.

8. You have the scriptures of the old and new Testament. You have a record attested by the authority of those who wrote that record. You know that that record will bear investigation, and yet how can you urge it upon your hearers, in your discourses, while you discourage an investigation of other no less important revealments from heaven? The scriptures, you allow, were given by inspiration, and men were moved to speak the truth. How do you arrive at this conclusion, and by what rule? Is it not by faith in the moral integrity of those historians, and in the safe keeping of those revealments, without mutilation or change, by those into whose hands they fell, and by whose honesty they have been conveyed to you through the ages that have passed? And can you, as honorable men, affirm that you have any other evidence for their support than such as you receive at the hands of the historians, and those who have been interested in the preservation of that history? And is not your faith, so far as it relates to the bible, founded in men who have professed to give you an account of spiritualism in the deep distance of the past, rather than in the development of your own hearts, to see and understand the mysteries of heaven and earth?

9. We acknowledge your right to credit the statements made by the scriptural historian, upon the ground that no evidence appears to impeach the narrations; but we insist that common justice demands the application of the same rule to all history; and, therefore, if the testimony of other ages is reliable in matters of fact narrated by him, because nothing appears to impeach his character for veracity, and this be tenable and safe ground upon which to build your faith, there is no consistency in denying or rejecting modern spiritual manifestations, confirmed by equally valid authority and facts.

10. The common refuge of men is not the one for you to seek shelter in. They say that they have not seen the facts nor witnessed with their own senses the manifestations of spirits, and therefore cannot believe. Neither have they or you seen the wonders and manifestatios of spirits recorded in the bible. Do you reject them on that account? Do you reject the accounts of spirits which are heralded over the world in the present age, because you have not seen them? Alas! how will you answer? Both histories were written by men, and both stand or fall together by your own rule.

11. You teach that all men are responsible to God for the deeds done in the body. Have you reflected that you also are equally responsible for disputing the revelations of spirits without canvassing their claim to credibility? Have you felt that, in condescending to learn some truth from the revelations which flow down from the spirit world, you really have compromised the dignity of the christian profession? You have a responsibility, and I trust you will endeavor to meet it like men. You have condescended to discard the philosophy of heaven and reject the outpouring of grace and truth upon your souls. You have condescended to vilify mediums and abuse those whom angels have chosen to convey the truth to their fellow men. You have condescended to stand upon your own *dignity*, and you will learn that such a foundation is not safe when you visit the pure sphere from which emanate the hallowed strains of grace and truth to bless and cheer the pilgrims of earth. You will stand on your own responsibility, and the opening heaven shall show you what are the consequences of such relations to God and humanity.

12. When Jesus was rejected, he stood upon the responsibility of heaven. When the Scribes and Pharisees came to him, they flattered themselves that they had made great condescention; they did not wish to involve their dignity in disgrace, for he was poor and had not where to lay his head. When you go to the church, you have ease and comfort; and when you return, fine apparrel and sumptuous fare. It may be, in your estimation, a condescension to notice the manifestations from heaven, or credit the narratives of your brethren who have no motive to deceive you; but you will find when you enter the spirit world, that the greatest of all condescensions is that spirits have proffered you an advantage which is co-extensive with eternity, and which your dignity can in no wise repay during the eternal years of immortality. We, therefore, invite you to consider your responsibility as related to the eternal world, and ponder upon the disadvantages which your rejection of the truth must occasion.

Henry K. Smith.

Life.—There is no feeling with Life, when it is once turned beyond forty; the seeking of a Fortune then is but a desperate aftergame, it is a hundred to one if a man fling two sixes, and recover all: especially if his hand be no luckier than mine.—*Cowley.*

Gambling.—It is possible that a wise and good man may be prevailed with to game, but it is impossible that a professed Gamester should be a wise and good man.

For the Age of Progress.

Mr. Albro:

You invite me to report to you anything extraordinary in the way of spiritual manifestations which occur at my house, or in my presence. In compliance with that invitation I will communicate the following:

A neighbor of mine came in on Saturday evening last, and requested me to sit with her for spiritual manifestations. I complied, and she and I, and my little son, took seats round the table. Soon our manifesting spirit, who calls himself Bill Jackson, made his presence known, and told us, by means of the tips, that he would take my son up to the ceiling. I asked him if he could take him up in the normal state; to which he replied affirmatively; and directly my son said: "I am going up, I am going up," and as he spoke his voice was elevated; but the spirit did not take him all the way up at the first trial. He kept on trying, however, till he succeeded, and took him up to the ceiling repeatedly, he talking as he went up and as he came down, to assure us of his going up. He also slapped the ceiling with his hand repeatedly. I asked the spirits to make lights for us, and they immediately shot up from under the table, like rockets. We then asked them questions, and they answered by sending up three lights for *yes* and one for *no*. This was truly a novel mode of spiritual communication, and it is certainly more reliable than any of the modes that have been usually practised; as no one could deceive by producing the lights, as can be done by rapping or tipping.

These pyrotechnical manifestations were made by my spirit relatives; "Bill" having taken leave of us. I asked them to show me a hand. This was complied with. At first they showed but the tips of the fingers, but soon they produced the whole hand, and we could distinctly see the finger nails and the knuckles. At my request, they snapped the fingers and opened and shut the hand, to prove that it was really what it seemed to be. I asked them to bring that hand to the violin and play on the strings. It was instantly done, and the violin rose and floated over our heads, with the same bright hand playing on the strings as it went. This was repeated many times.

Here you have the facts, without a syllable of exaggeration; and you are welcome to publish them over my signature, for I fear not the sneers of the mocker, nor regard the doubts of the skeptic. I am happy to know that life and immortality are brought to light through these indisputable manifestations. Yours truly,

Mrs. Thurza Ripley.

☞ We will say to the reader, that Mrs. Ripley is well known to us, as she is to many of our most respectable citizens, and that we and they are ready to vouch for her veracity, and to pledge our reputations that hers is above reproach.

To Correspondents

We thank our worthy friend, David B. St. John, of Edmeston, Otsego, for his remittance of two dollars, and for his name as a subscriber; but more for the approbatory sentiments expressed in his friendly note.

The same acknowledgement is due from us to friend Calvin Whitwood, of Auburn, N. Y. We place a much higher valuation on volunteer friends of this description, than we do on the year's subscription fee which they have sent us, notwithstanding our great pecuniary necessity.

The same to friend E. D. Long, of Corfu, for his name and his two dollars.

The same to friend A. T. Hambleton, of East Hamburg, for his name and dollar.

The same to friend E. Giddings of Lockport, for his renewal and dollar.

The same to friend G. M. Slayton, of Lockport, for his name and dollar.

The same to friend Hiram Penfield, of Lockport, for his renewal and dollar.

The Spirit of Persecution.

We knew of a Rev. gentleman in this city, whose wife was sick and needed a physician. She told her husband that, if she was to have a physician she wished to have Dr. ——. He replied: I will not patronize Dr. ——. He is a spiritualist, and it would be a great sin to encourage such an abomination. She said she cared nothing about his religion—she had confidence in his skill, and would have him or nobody. The pious and Rev. husband was inexorable. He would have nothing to do with Dr. ——. He did, however, condescend to borrow ten dollars of him, and kept it as long as his convenience required it.

This is the same spirit which actuated the man who stood by and held the clothes of those who stoned Stephen. It is the same spirit which cried through the organs of the Chief Priests, Scribes and Pharisees: "Away with him! crucify him!"

Tongues in Trees.—Nice observers of nature have remarked the variety of tones yielded by trees when played upon by the wind. Mrs. Hemans once asked Sir Walter Scott if he had noticed that every tree gives out its peculiar sound? "Yes," said he, "I have; and I think something might be done by the union of poetry and music to imitate those voices, giving a different measure to the oak, the pine, the willow," ect. There is a Highland air of somewhat similar character, called the "Notes of the Sea Birds." In Henry Taylor's drama, "Edwin the Fair," there are some pleasing lines, where the wind is feigned to give him one. He applied to several; but the wanderer rested with the pine, because her voice was constant, soft, and lowly deep; and he welcomed in her a mild memorial of the ocean cave, his birthplace.

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Our Conference.

On Sunday last, we had two lectures by Rev. Mr. Hammond, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. The first was not his own, but came through him, from the spirit of John N. Maffit, the eloquent but erring Methodist clergyman. This time, he not only spoke well, but spoke sincerely and honestly, from dearly purchased convictions of truth. Poor Maffit! he has had a sore ordeal in the low spheres of the spirit life, but is rising, and will ultimately become a bright and happy spirit. But let all understand that the time will never come when he will be as elevated and as happy as he might have been if his earth life had been pure and holy. This is a startling truth, showing, as it does, the eternal consequence of a misspent life in this world. Reader, think of it.

Mr. Hammond will be with us again next Sabbath.

Doings at Brooks' Spirit Room.

We have neglected our weekly report of the doings of the spirits at the house of Mr. Brooks, not because there has been any falling off, but because there has been a sameness in the manifestations, which would involve a sameness of description. Add to this, we have received much of interest from other sources, affording a variety, which is not only pleasing but also confirmatory of what we had previously reported. When we report phenomena from various sources, we multiply the witnesses who are ready to testify to our reports.

There is one circumstance, in relation to the manifestations at Brooks' room, which is worthy of note. One year ago, when the weather was warm as it is now, we could scarcely get any manifestations at all, and, even in the fore part of the last winter, when there was the least fire in the room, we could scarcely get a sound on the piano. And, at best, we could rarely get more than unmusical sounds and clumsy accompaniments. Now, even when the weather is so warm that the room is scarcely endurable, and when the company is so numerous as to nearly fill the room, the spirit musician is enabled to sound the instrument on the instant that the light is removed, and to play alone in a manner to elicit exclamations of applause from amateurs. At the meeting on Saturday evening last, we had an amateur violinist, who is also a proficient on various instruments. He and "Fred" played in concert much of the evening; but, towards the close, Fred chose to play alone, and executed several pieces which the gentleman above alluded to confessed he had never before heard played with such consummate skill. He played what he called "The Spirit's immortal birth," which is a very difficult piece of music, and which our ameteur friend said he had heard played before, but never with so many and so exquisitely executed variations. He had never witnessed anything of the kind before; and we opine he will never need to witness any more to convince him that they are truly what they claim to be—spiritual.

From these circumstances, it is evident that the manifesting spirits are constantly progressing in capability to manifest under unfavorable conditions; and, hence, we are led to hope that the time is not far distant when the veil of darkness can be withdrawn from those scenes, and the eye of the skeptic be permitted to unite with his ear, to remove his doubts.

To us who have had evidences of the truth of spiritual manifestations piled upon us till we have been compelled to cry enough! it seems strange that men and women of discernment, who go there and see the piano with its front crowded hard against the wall, feel and know that all who are present are in a compact body at the far end of the room with their hands joined in a circle, know that there is no pianist in the company, and hear such music played as we hear there, in which the whole diapason is made to roar from end to end, and with the most accurate harmony; we say, under these circumstances, it seems strange to us that such persons can possibly go away doubting that the spirits of our departed friends—for all good spirits are our friends—return to us and do those things which it is obviously impossible for mortals to do. Nothing can be more obvious than the fact that, were there fifty amateur pianists in the room, it would be impossible, even with the room lighted, for them to produce anything like such music, with the instrument turned face to the wall and the pedals entirely out of reach. Notwithstanding this obvious impracticability, some there are who go away suspecting that the medium produces the music and makes the piano dance about the room when the musical performance is ended. Such ones do not reflect, that, if she were capable of such performance on the piano, she could devote her time to a calling which would be at once honorable and profitable, instead of devoting it to the practice of fraud and humbug, without any incentive. There are, however, very few such persons now; and what few there are, possess minds that are impracticable for anything in the nature of progressive philosophy.

☞ The European news, by the *Asia* and the *Washington*, is too bare of interest to be worthy of occupying our columns with it.

Lecture No. 2, by Mrs. Hemans.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

HOPE.

'Tis not the soft magic of love alone that tinges the cheek with a warm sunny smile, for there is not an element of mind so dear and powerful as hope. It brings to the grief-stricken heart a bright beam of joy; and though human nature has too often wept o'er the dream it believed, and been deceived by its ignorant confidence, it forever has a gleam of hope in its inner self, drawing the spirit gaze to that world which never fades from the heart. Hope shines brightly upon the world of twilight and fear, and, like a voice from beneath the white waves of eternity, it sends its echo to Eden's distant harmony, and still goes on and on till lost among the lights that shine from the far off world. The lone stranger to truth, when wrecked among the shoals of human life, bends his throbbing brow to the earth and feels that his agony is his own, and as he breathes inwardly the silent prayer unheard by mortal ear, angels touch the lute-strings of hope, and his soul tremblingly follows the strain interpreting its joy, and he gives light wings to thoughts that had lain mute among the chords of his heart for ages, while the softer and holier shades of grief fade from his soul, and his thoughts begin to turn towards heaven. Hope from a higher source had filled his soul. Hope showed him the bright sunset in which nature could not die away, and that the spirit with its reinless mind, saw the gates of heaven ajar, to receive his soul among the blest and pure.

When disheartening fear flings the melancholy bodings of desolating thought upon the heart, and sleeping mystery spreads its curtain over the benevolent soul, we yet see some gleams of pure religion, inspired within, which have not yet awaken'd to start a dreaming world to the reality of its future destiny. It is a dreadful thought that an individual *must die.* Through nature's realm the unveiled material and visible glories of spirit reside through all its enchanted grounds, and dwells far away from the human sense, wrapped in its own intelligence and beauty. The mystery of that fountain Head from which all vital spirit flows—all breath of life first came, is not mystery but ignorance, for there is no mystery in the workings of the Almighty Mind.

The world may well be startled at the breathing of lips which echo back the sigh in tones of divine melody; and it may sing its enthusiastic songs of wrong, but it will give way in its darkened career beneath a power too strong, by which earth's deep centre will be brought to light, and reason's beams, so long hid behind the veiled page of history, will gild each shadowy shape of hope that oriental history has formed, with a heaven-like element, and show to man more clearly the impress of Divinity. Time cannot chill a single charm of the inward mind, for they last for ever and ever in the world above. There the spiritual senses are unlocked and an element of self-consciousness overflows the faculties of thought, alluring them to the ways of harmony, and they become illuminated with the grand causes of mental exaltation; and they glory that they have at last triumphed over the wreck of undeveloped matter—that they have at last escaped from mental bondage. And while man faithfully examines the mental cemeteries wherein ignorance lies entombed in sacred robes, the angels of heaven come, with celestial purity, to earth, to prove to man that his being is not wrapped in eternal mystery, that as he emerged from the unfathomable as well as invisible vortex of divine vitality, he is inwardly a spirit—an external manifestation of his spiritual life hereafter. From chaos rolled forth the living manifestations of God, and the earth was peopled with forms of life which heralded the approach of man; and after centuries he came forth a living emblem of all concentrated elements found in nature. And as he was created, shall he *die?* Shall those dear familiar features never again be recognized? Shall the divine qualities of mind be annihilated and resolved into the elements which fill the immensity of the outer world of matter? This thought is filled with anguish. It is full of sadness, and the subject of immortality should interest every mind. To live again when human life has passed away, inspires the soul with a new hope. There is a sweetness in the thought undefinable. To know that angels can show to mortal vision the circles of light which come from the same unclouded centre, sweeping wide over the world—to know that in the spheres of air they waft the rich undulations of sound, till the far off circling radiance is diffused into infinity, is a hope transcending all knowledge on earth. To feel that angel voices can sing, and that seraphs can tune their harps to hail the welcome of the soul when it first touches the threshold of the skies, is a hope which no power can hide, for the way is open, the fount is unsealed, and the many waters gush forth to bathe the world in truth, hope and charity. To feel that all bitterness will pass away, that all writhing agony shall pass away, and that the heart so deeply fraught with sorrow, shall cease to move, and the better self shall touch its lips to the fresh cup of immortality, with a feeling of purity and hope, is a truth so splendid that it would dazzle the purest and wisest mind in the external world to realize. To know that all we love dearly are not dead, but that mystery has loosened its iron chains, and that we can again meet the loved ones and know that they had the power to bless—to soothe, nay, even to warm the heart, so blasted by bitterness, is a hope filled with ethereal brightness. To know that the mind has something above to adore—to draw it there, in all the fulness of its faculties, is a hopeful truth, full of divine revealments of the God who hath so kindly opened the realms of eternity to the investigation of man. The burning brow and the falling tear tell how remembrance throbs there in deep unpitied anguish, because the heart feels that it hath lost its last affection when its bosom friend fades into eternity; but how earnestly these earthly eyes turn heavenward, gazing with a deep and earnest admiration into the sky above, to see if that loved one does not live among the stars. Why is it that the soul looks to heaven for the spirit, if it remains beneath the unfeeling sod until the "last day." Why not sit upon the grave and cultivate the springing grass and teach the little vine to twine around the white marble slab until time shall crumble it to dust, instead of impassionately yearning for heaven yourself, where you have a hope to meet the loved one before the hour of resurrection, when the dead shall rise and be judged according to their deeds. Ah! even you who believe in the day of judgment, have a hope that you may meet your departed friends when you are called hence. You cannot confine thought or mind in the grave, nor can the tomb stone measure its flight, for it goes on as when confined in the limited universe it has left behind. It is a sweet meditation to reflect upon the life hereafter, when all those ties that bind us together, not for a fleeting moment, but for ever, shall be found where nothing dies; sweet to meditate as hope lifts its radiant finger, pointing to the eternal home upon whose bright portals the loved ones yet linger, looking back, waiting for the earthly ones to come. Hearts from which it is death to sever, have ceased to move; but the spirit is as warm and bright as ever, in its home of eternity. When the breeze of twilight calls earth's children to repose, and when 'round the couch of nature night's soft curtains gently close, they who have so often smiled upon them, watch and guard them in their midnight slumbers. They bend over the couch of pain when daylight grows weary, and wake the faint heart and point it to those fair beings who possess the spell to show the bright fount of truth stealing through the desert of human life. It is a heavenly hope that, though to-day we part in pain, we shall, in the hour and home of eternity, meet again, where our tears of joy shall become diamonds of sympathy. Those voices which have echoed in song at the dear old home of our youth, shall again burst the tomb of many tender thoughts, and the warm and dear memories which once grew cold, shall pierce the sealed fount of tears and stir its depths as in those earthly years when the relieving gush was ever fain to flow at the gay songs of mirth. The name that was once music, may have passed away, but the soul is visible in heaven, and the sweet music of the spirit is lost in the eternal melodies where splendor, inspiration and peace grow brighter as time glides softly away. I hear the sigh o'er bygone happy hours, when music's sweetness fell upon the human heart; when hope wreathed its garlands 'round its tendrills; and I fain would whisper of heaven to the sighing heart, and impress the angel kiss upon the brow. I would gladly hover over the bleeding heart when the grave has shut out the sight of some heart's dear idol, and tell of those pure joys that lie hidden beneath the invisible future. I know that there are sorrows too deep for tears and too sacred to be told; and there is a restless sadness of the soul that comes linked with beauty, which the immortals alone can appreciate. When midnight from the skies sweeps like a solemn vision across the soul and shuts out those happy hours, heaven's sweet lyre rings with the symphonies of infinitude, while the vibrations of each ecstatic wire 'neath the discursive touch, embodied forth in its deep melody, and the profound eternities of the mind, baptized with the spirit of God, shall beam with a holy light upon the feeble heart. Whether we love you, ask but the words we send thee—ask the light clouds—ask the streamlet and ask that inner voice of affection. Whether we love you, ask of heaven, ask of God, and ask of eternity, and they will tell you we love you with a deep and holy love, which, though uttered in unfeeling words, are fraught with living fire. The voice of gladness floats on the air as hope's silvery chimes greet the heart of care with the gems of affection, and every note bringeth welcome to thee. Hope comes like an angel of light, bringing beauty and fragrance from above; and as the human soul seems entranced by the heaven-born truths, they all breathe a welcome for thee to the bosom of the angels. From linked foundations that lie hidden deep, truth, vast as mysterious, beautiful as grand, leaps forth from its hidden source, and, as silent as death, sweeps over the region of your world, calling the reverent heart to chant the hymn of perpetual praise, and teach you that material things must perish.

'Tis in a land far away, where are the silent breathings of the flowers and the melting beams above, where the spirit lives and moves, rejoicing on its way, leaving its footprints as it passes around the world below, to mark a path, that the loved ones yet to come may find their way to heaven. They linger 'round the old home of childhood, where the woodbine still clambers up the walls of the old house; they sit by the side of the mother or sister as with gentle hands they teach the little vine to go upward, and they linger round the old fireside where oft they have sat and conversed with the loved ones. They hear the sigh that comes unconsciously from the heart when thought soars away—far away, into the invisible regions of nature, to the lost and gone, when there, by their side, the immortal friend stands, arrayed in the garments of heaven, striving to influence the mind to feel that they are near and not far off. Dost thou sorrow, child of earth? Dost weary of the dreary changes of thy life? Oh! let the fount of sorrow be opened; freely give vent to each saddened thought; for though mortals do not appreciate thy sorrow, the angels can tenderly sympathize with you, and teach you that life is not all desolation, but is full of change and bringeth joy and sadness.

Though the brightest joys you often seek are lost when touched by pain; though you may sigh and feel no pain; though you weep and cannot define the silent tear, be yet hopeful, for the sweet notes of your eternal home are inspired into your soul, and they have the power to thrill every note with tenderest thoughts. Though the spirit of grief hovers round the tomb, strains of music steal through its silent cells. The warm gushings of every heart are not checked like frozen fount drops; they are not fixed into a lasting pang, for there is a divinity within, warm and beautiful as the noblest thought that lives; and though concealed by material cares, it will speak forth in the tones of a seraph, when touched by heaven's glory. Then rouse thee. Live for something. Be happy while you stay. Go on with a beaming smile, and let the brilliant eye beam with an affectionate intelligence; and when the external flowers fade, the germ shall bloom again in the Edens and empires, stretching in grandeur and beauty over the spirit land. Live to do good, and be happy for the sake of friends. Strike the gay chords of the heart; let angels hear each strain from the music of earth; and when the toils of day are done, they will return the sweet melody by the enchanting songs of spirit minstrelsy, and life will be a heaven to you, and you will not so often say: Oh! let me die—I weep and wish to leave this rough world of sorrow, where, for me, there is not one sunny spot of peace and hope. When evening's blush is on the wave, or the dew drop of morn on the earth, be thou hopeful. Let thy heart teem with lively thoughts, and the whole world will be fair, and heaven will grow brighter in your spirit sight, and you will realize more nearly your interests in, and connection to, the world on high. There will be a full revealment of all spirit, all mind, and the hidden founts of truth and eternity will spring open, and the divine images of heaven be seen and realized by the human soul, when the monument of oriental history, shall fade into the tomb of death, and nature become the living type of human religion.

Spiritually yours,

F. Hemans.

Lecture by the Spirit of Alvan Stewart.

THROUGH REV. C. HAMMOND, MEDIUM.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

An old commandment I repeat unto you, that ye love one another. Love is the basis of all good in all spheres. It is love that unites all beings and all things in heaven and earth. It is the cement of all communities—the efflux of God's benignity and wisdom. It is the power of adhesion, and the central source of all true happiness.

Love is a divine element—a sympathy that attracts to itself whatever is agreeable—a goodness that reaches forth to gather unto itself those things that are precious and congenial. In all nature, love seeks its own and kindred, and embraces its agreeing associate with cordial good will. There is no real joy no pleasurable emotion, in a soul where hate and malice rage—where philanthrophy does not unbosom itself and respond to the tears and wails of distress—where the spirit is isolated from all affection for its kind, and is narrowed down to selfish and passionate impulses.

In families, in neighborhoods, in states and in nations, love is often, yea, generally, dwarfed and restricted to persons and places, sex and circumstances, rather than to spheres and worlds. There is not that diffused and diffusive benevolence which goes out into the grand immensity of the universe, and seeks the united welfare of all men, of every clime and nation. There is not that unbounded aspiration for universal freedom—universal joy—that is worthy of an arch-angel's benediction. There is not that sympathy for the weak and lowly—the poor and despised—the oppressed and degraded, which a common humanity has a right to claim of a common brotherhood.

Love is what constitutes the bliss of heaven. It is neither partial nor selfish. It seeks the general good of all. It is that which brings angels down to earth. Spirits respond to spirits because love unites them together. Angels visit the earth because sympathy links both spheres in one. Mercy drops down from the skies like rain, because the angels above are allied to the earth beneath—allied by ties of affection to those whom they have left behind.

We come to gladden the souls who sympathize; we come to revive the hopes of the desponding; we come to bring good tidings of great joy; we come to open a fountain of life everlasting; we come to bring light and wisdom to those that sit in darkness and ignorance. Love prompts the sacrifice. Love reaches forth its arms to succor the distressed—to unchain the fettered—to banish war and strife—and to open the gates of immortal rejoicing to all who seek entrance through the commandment that is given unto men. Love ye one another, as children of God, heirs of one nature and subjects of one law of life and peace. Be doers of right, though bigots frown and evil men quail before the justice of immutable truth.

A. Stewart.

He must Progress.

In a sermon recently preached by Rev. H. W. Beecher, to the people of his charge, the following interesting passage occurs:—"And I may say here what I have never said before in the pulpit, that the views of the human mind as they are revealed by phrenology, are those views which have underlaid my whole ministry: and if I have had any success in bringing the truths of the Gospel to bear practically upon the minds of men—any success in the vigorous application of truths to the wants of the human soul, where they are most needed—I owe it to the clearness which I have gained from this science. And I could not ask for the members of my family, nor of a church, any better preparation for religious indoctrination, than to put them in possession of such a practical knowledge of the human soul as is given by phrenology."

Happiness.—I have observed one ingredient, somewhat necessary in a man's composition, toward Happiness which people of feeling would do well to acquire—a certain respect for the follies of mankind, for there are so many Fools whom the world entitles to regard, whom accident has placed in heights of which they are unworthy, that he who cannot restrain his Contempt or indignation at the sight, will be too often quarrelling with the disposal of things to relish that share which is allotted to himself. —*Machenzie.*

☞ Forty-three thousands teachers are employed in the schools of Austria, of whom about half are females.

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Song of a Chrysalis.

BY G.

When blushing morn gives radiant day
Its first and sweetest breath,
And gloomy night, in pale affright,
Shrinks in the arms of death—
'Tis then, when earth in perfum'd dew
Lies bath'd, I'd first behold,
At morning's prime, my sunny clime,
And spread my wings of gold.

When noon-day with its sultry heat,
Drives to the shady grove
The gentle bird, whose song is heard,
In softest notes of love—
'Tis then I'd cease my giddy flight,
With life and joy elate,
And pass the hours amid the flowers,
In bliss with some gay mate.

When sunset with its glowing tints
Throws giant shadows round,
And blossoms close, and flowers repose,
With heads bent to the ground—
'Tis then I'd bid adieu to life,
To earth and radiant sky,
Before the might of one dark night
Had told me all must die.

Deaths of little Children.

A Grecian philosopher being asked why he wept for the death of his son, since the sorrow was vain, replied, "I weep on that very account." And his answer became his wisdom. It is only for sophists to pretend that we whose eyes contain the fountains of tears, need never give way to them. It would be unwise not to do so on some occasions. Sorrow unlocks them in her balmy moods. The first bursts may be bitter and overwhelming; but the soil, on which they pour, would be worse without them. They refresh the fever of the soul,—the dry misery which parches the countenance into furrows, and renders us liable to our most terrible "flesh-quakes."

There are sorrows, it is true, so great, that to give them some of the ordinary vents is to run a hazard of being overthrown. These we must rather strengthen ourselves to resist; or bow quietly and drily down in order to let them pass over us, as the traveller does the wind of the desert. But where we feel that tears would relieve us, it is false philosophy to deny ourselves at least that first refreshment; and it is always false consolation to tell people that because they cannot help a thing, they are not to mind it. The true way is to let them grapple with the unavoidable sorrow, and try to win it into gentleness by a reasonable yielding. There are griefs so gentle in their very nature, that it would be worse than false heroism to refuse them a tear. Of this kind are the deaths of infants. Particular circumstances may render it more or less advisable to indulge in grief for the loss of a little child; but in general, parents should be no more advised to repress their first tears on such an occasion, than to repress their smiles towards a child surviving, or to indulge in any other sympathy. It is an appeal to the same gentle tenderness; and such appeals are never made in vain. The end of them is an aquittal from the harsher bonds of affliction,—from the tying down of the spirit to one melancholy idea.

It is the nature of tears of this kind, however strongly they may gush forth, to run into quiet waters at last. We cannot easily, for the whole course of our lives, think with pain of any good and kind person whom we have lost. It is the divine nature of their qualities to conquer pain and death itself; to turn the memory of them into pleasure; to survive with a placid aspect in our imaginations. I am writing at this moment, just opposite a spot which contains the grave of one inexpressibly dear to me. I see from my window the trees about it, and the church-spire. The green fields lie around. The clouds are travelling over head, alternately taking away the sunshine and restoring it. The vernal winds, piping of the flowery summer-time, are nevertheless calling to mind the far-distant and dangerous ocean, which the heart that lies in that grave had many reasons to thing of. And yet the sight of this spot does not give me pain. So far from it, it is the existence of that grave which doubles every charm of the spot; which links the pleasure of my childhood and manhood together; which puts a hushing tenderness in the winds, and a patient joy upon the landscape; which seems to unite heaven and earth, mortality and immortality, the grass of the tomb and the grass of the green field, and gives a more maternal aspect to the whole kindness of nature. It does not hinder gayety itself. Happiness was what its tenant, through all her troubles, would have diffused. To diffuse happiness, and to enjoy it, is not only carrying on her wishes, but realizing her hopes; and gayety, freed from its only pollutions, malignity and want of sympathy, is but a child playing about the knees of its mother.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us, nor stood by us from conscious will in the hours of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could: the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive, but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of nature, that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time; much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory; as the moon reflects the light upon us, when the sun has gone into heaven.

When writers like myself quarrel with earthly pain, (I mean writers of the same intentions, without implying, of course, anything about abilities or otherwise,) they are misunderstood if they are supposed to quarrel with pains of every sort. This would be idle and effeminate. They do not pretend, indeed, that humanity might not wish, if it could, to be entirely free from pain; for it endeavours at all times to turn pain into pleasure, or at least to set off the one with the other; to make the former a zest, and the latter a refreshment. The most unaffected dignity of suffering does this; and, if wise, acknowledges it. The greatest benevolence towards others, the most unselfish relish of their pleasures, even at its own expense, does but look to increasing the general stock of happiness, though content, if it could, to have its identity swallowed up in that splendid contemplation. I am far from meaning that this is to be called selfishness. I am far indeed from thinking so, or of so confounding words. But neither is it to be called pain, when most unselfish; if disinterestedness be truly understood. The pain that is in it softens into pleasure, as the darker hue of the rainbow melts into the brighter. Yet even if a harsher line is to be drawn between the pain and pleasure of the most unselfish mind, (and ill health, for instance, may draw it,) we should not quarrel with it, if it contributed to the general mass of comfort, and were of a nature which general kindliness could not avoid. Made as we are, there are certain pains without which it would be difficult to conceive certain great and overbalancing pleasures. We may conceive it possible for beings to be made entirely happy; but in our composition, something of pain seems to be a necessary ingredient, in order that the materials may turn to as fine account as possible, though our day, in the course of ages and experience, may be refined more and more. We may get rid of the worst earth, though not of earth itself.

Now the liability to the loss of children,—or rather what renders us sensible of it, the occasional loss itself,—seems to be one of these necessary bitters thrown into the cup of humanity. We do not mean that every one must lose one of his children, in order to enjoy the rest: or that every individual loss afflicts us in the same proportion. I allude to the deaths of infants in general. These might be as few as I could render them. But if none at all ever took place, I should regard every little child as a man or woman secured; and it will easily be conceived, what a world of endearing cares and hopes this security would endanger. The very idea of infancy would lose its continuity with us. Girls and boys would be future men and women, not present children. They would have attained their full growth in our imaginations, and might as well have been men and women at once. On the other hand those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons, who, in one sense, retain it always; and they furnish their neighbours with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child. Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence.

Of such as these are the pleasantest shapes that visit our fancy and our hopes. They are the ever-smiling emblems of joy; the prettiest pages that wait upon imagination. Lastly, "of these are the kingdom of heaven." Wherever there is a province of that benevolent and all-accessible empire, whether on earth or elsewhere, such are the gentle spirits that must inhabit it. To such simplicity or the resemblance of it, must they come. Such must be the ready confidence of their hearts, and creativeness of their fancy. And so ignorant must they be of the "knowledge of good and evil;" losing their discernment of that self-created trouble, by enjoying the garden before them, and not being ashamed of what is kindly and innocent.

The Stars.

In certain moods, the stars will appear hearths, in others hells. The moon is bayed at not by dogs alone. The star awakens gloomy hour of the misanthrope, and shines the signal to the murderer, as well a lights the lover to his mistress, and the poet to his meeting with the muse. It seems now, besides, evident to most, that the universe being made of one material, struggle, uncertainty, woe, and the other evils to which finitude is heir, are, in all probability, extended to its remotest limits, and that thus the stars are no islands of the blest, but like our own world, stern arenas of contest, of defeat, or of victory. Still, there are many reasons why the heavenly bodies should be a permanent spring of pensive thought.

There is first, their unfathomable beauty. It is nothing to the happiness of man that God has suspended over his head this book of divine pictures, taken to him in their low but mighty speech spotting his nights with splendor, and his soul with an aspiring influence which no earthly object can communicate? Doubts and difficulties may occupy part of the intervening time, but the first and last feeling of humanity is, "Thanks, endless and boundless, to heaven, for the stars."

Secondly, they give us a sense of beauty which no other external cause can do, and which must enhance the happiness of man. This was one great good of the discovery of America. It did not, when found, fulfil the dreams of navigators. It was not a cluster of fortunate isles, filled with happy spirits—the worst passions of men were found among the most beautiful scenery in the world; but its discovery shivered the fetters of usage and prejudice, burst the old *mania mundi;* and man the one-eyed giant, found himself groping and pawing, to say the least, in a wider dungeon, and breathing a freer air. But the modern Astromony has broken down stronger walls, and made man, in a sense free of the universe. What though he has good reason to believe that these many mansions of his Father's house are not, as yet, peopled with the perfect and happy? To him, height and depth have unbarred many of their sacred marvels—new provinces, pointing to innumerable others behind, have expanded in the kingdom of the Infinite—every limit and barrier has fled away, and the surprised prisoner feels his spirit at large, unbounded in a boundless universe. Surely the telescope, in infusing into the mind such a sense of freedom, has been a benefactor to the heard of man, who may exclaim to it, in the language of the sword song, "Joy-giver, I kiss thee!"

But, thirdly, the stars diffuse happiness throughout the thoughtful mind, a revealing a whole so vast that all our partial and gloomy ideas of it are straightway stamped with imperfection and imbecility. How little and idle our most plausible theories look under the weight of that beaming canopy! Imagine the shellfish, amidst its sludge, dreaming of the constitution of that world of waters which rolls above! So insignificant appears a Locke, a Kant, or a Spinoza, exalted some five or six feet above his grave, and theorizing so dogmatically on the principles of the starry ocean. We seem to see the mighty mother bending down, listening to each tiny but pompous voice, smilingly measuring the size of the sage, and saying, in the irony of gods, "And is this really thy opinion, my little hero, and hast thou, within that pretty new thimble of thine, actually condensed the sea of truth? *Perge Puer.*"

Thus the midnight sky teaches us at once the greatness of man—his greatness, by comparison with his past self—his littleness, by comparison with the expanse of the universe, and with his future being, and by both lessons it summons us to joy, because from the one we are obviously advancing upward, and because from the other our doubts are seen to be as little as our resolution of them; our darkness yet pettier than our light. Why, to one who could, from a high point of view, overlook the general scheme of things, the darkest and broadest shadow that ever crossed the mind of man—that ever made him dig for death or leap howling into perdition—may appear no larger than one dim speck on a mountain of diamonds—*Gilfillan.*

Multum in Parvo.

Let your pleasure be moderate, seasonable, lawful, and becoming. Be very deliberate in the choice of a friend. In civility—follow the most; in piety—the fewest:—and in all things—the best. Be cheerfully serious, and seriously cheerful. Let another's passion be a lecture to thy reason. Never let the multitude hug, or crush thee to death. If thou canst not have a straight wind, be thankful for a side one. Never insult misery, deride infirmity, or despise deformity. Look not upon sin—lest it hurt thee: taste it not, lest it wound thee: feed not on it, lest it kill thee. Take heaven and earth—and weigh them; soul and body—and value them, time and eternity—and compare them. If thou art not wise enough to speak—hold thy peace. Watch over thy thoughts, affections, words, and actions. Where God is silent—be still. Never pick the lock where God allows no key. In thy calling be deligent: the idle person is the Devil's hireling, whose livery is—rags: his diet—famine: his wages—disgrace. Be sober: with the drunkard—blasphemy is wit: oaths—rhetoric: uncleanness—frolic: quarrels—manhood: murder—valor: friends—enemies: and secrets—proclamations. In politics let your wisdom and moderation be admired by all men. "It is an honor for a man to cease from strife." Let free men be memorialized as peace-makers: their habitations, seats of concord; their mutual attachment, the fruit of pure affection, and their security the strongest cords of brotherly love. Let your retirement be from the log-cabin, to the cottage of contentment. In that happy recess take for your motto, "We study plain things; we use language which no man can condemn, we shut our doors against the strife of tongues, and against the pomp and extravagance of all people." Be clothed with humility, and give artificials to the fowls of the air. Seek not a substitude from the wise ladies of Sisera, for the honor due into men. Let your religious devotions be from a pure flame of Christian affection, your love be without dissimulation, and your charity embrace Lazarus at the gate. Write on your chimney-piece an exhortation to perfection. In buying and selling do not multiply words; nor use disguise, false weights, or bad money. Let conjugal affection be cordial, constant, pure, and temperate. Let masters instruct, command, admonish, and encourage their servants who owe to their masters obedience, diligence, and fidelity. Honor thy father and mother with reverence, obedience, and gratitude. Pray for Magistrates, honor their persons, and submit to their laws. Let the rich be thankful, humble, and charitable. Let the poor be content, for God has chosen them to stain the pride of man. Let all men repent, believe, and obey the gospel. Marry not too young nor too old, lest thou be rash in the first, doat in the last, and repent of both: it is not a better partner, situation, place, or trade that can make thee better, but a better heart. Do with trials as men do with new hats—wear them till they become easy. Beware of avarice; it is incompatible with reason it ruined Lot's wife, Judas, Demas, and Simon Magus.

☞ Among all other virtues, humility, though it be lowest, yet is pre-eminent. It is the safest, because it is always at anchor; and that man may be truly said to live most content in his calling that strives to live within the compass of it.

Dr. Channing.—The devotion of Dr. Channing to absorbing public interests, and to vital questions of religion and society, did not chill the warmth of his private affections, nor unfit him for the tenderest offices of friendship. He presented a rare and beautiful union of general philanthropy and personal attachments. Retaining the friendships of his youth and early manhood, he attracted, in later years, the generous and gifted spirits, whose sympathies were won by his prophetic wisdom and contagious enthusiasm for ideal beauty.